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THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

VOLUME XLII. CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1898. NUMBER 5.

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"Life Is The Cost."

Life is the cost.
Behold yon tower,
That heavenward lifts
To the cloudy drifts—
Like a flame, like a flower!
What lightness, what grace,
What a dream of power!
One last endeavor,
One stone to place—
And it stands forever.

A slip, a fall;
A cry, a call;
Turn away, all is done.
Stands the tower in the sun
Forever and a day.
On the pavement below
The crimson stain
Will be worn away
In the ebb and flow;
The tower will remain.
Life is the cost.

—R. W. GILDER.

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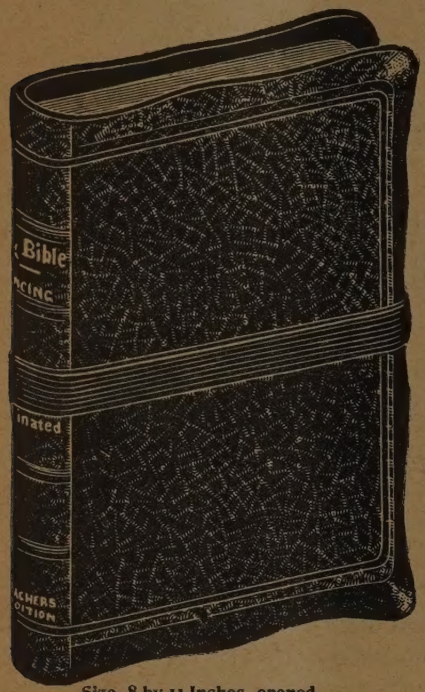

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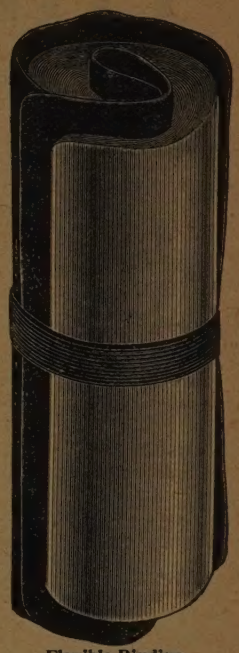

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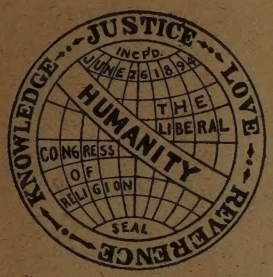
THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME XLII. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1898. NUMBER 5.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.
—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

And faithfulness is thine and reverence is thine; who, then, can rob thee of these things? Who can hinder thee to use them if not thyself?
—EPICTETUS.

A friend hands us these lines, hoping for help in discovering the authorship. We print them trusting that some of our readers will help the friend out of trouble and at the same time locate the familiar lines that convey a great truth and whose original habitat has escaped us:

"The longer I live and the more I see
Of the struggle of souls towards the heights above,
The stronger this truth comes home to me,
That the universe rests on the shoulders of love,
A love so limitless, deep and broad
That men have re-named it and called it God."

After ten weeks absence the editor of this paper finds himself back in his city sanctum and the work is on. Before this goes to press a meeting of the local directors will have decided upon the details of the Congress at Omaha, an outline of which is printed in this issue; meanwhile study the advertisement concerning the headquarter hotel. Engage your rooms in advance. Let us know your plans. Help the secretary and the local committee.

In the death of Dr. John Hall of New York city, Presbyterianism has lost its most famous representative of the old school. He stood for the "faith as it was delivered to the fathers" without modification, and he stood for it in such strength and ability that he was able to relate it with much of the progressive life and practical ethics of New York city. The outcome of his life is a new enforcement of the old lesson that ability and sincerity, consecration and conviction make for character in spite of, if not on account of, the particular doctrines held and urged. Measured by what he believed Doctor Hall belonged to a past or passing order. Measured by what he did, he belonged to the new and the coming order.

We have often urged in these columns that virtue is contagious; thereby hangs our hope for the regeneration of the world. It would seem from the following clipping that cleanliness is also catching. Thus may the road to Godliness be widened:

A rule of the public schools of Copenhagen requires that each pupil shall take three baths a week in the school building. While the pupils are bathing, their clothes are sterilized in a steam oven. When this practice was first introduced, there was no complaint; but in a short time the parents of the children "protested vigorously, on the ground that it made the children discontented with their dirty clothes, and caused them to complain constantly of the filth of their dwellings."

No more evolutionary not to say revolutionary article has appeared in the educational world for some time than the article by Professor Henderson in the June *Atlantic Monthly*, on "Elementary Teaching." In this he says:

"I place language last, because I believe that expression in action is incomparably better than expression in words; that it is far better to help our brother man than to commend helpfulness, to be brave than to praise bravery, to paint a beautiful picture than to talk about art, to love than to write love sonnets; and also because I am quite sure that sound content will find suitable dress. The present wail over our deficient English composition is at bottom a wail over deficient thought. It is overwhelmingly difficult to say anything when you have nothing to say."

Professor Henderson is to speak at the Liberal Congress in Omaha on "The Social Conscience," and many in the West will delight in this opportunity of making the acquaintance of this rising light in the educational world.

Walter Lewin, in the *Inquirer* (London) of September 10th, has a notice of E. P. Powell's last book, "Nullification and Secession in the United States." It is interesting to see how this frank study of the strains upon the constitution of the American Union impresses an English student. His conclusions are on the whole so encouraging that we reprint them in our editorial columns, not only for the interest the words will carry, but also as an indication of that candid criticism that should characterize American journalism. We dare point

to the mistakes and defects of our country because we believe it is large enough and strong enough to correct the mistakes and to outgrow its weaknesses.

That six attempts at nullificatiou and seccession have been made within a century is not so surprising as that there have been only six. The fact speaks well for the wisdom of the framers of the Constitution that they should have been able to gauge so truly the widely varying needs of the different States; and it speaks well for their patriotism also that self-seeking and private interest were not strong enough to fatally mar their work. A perfectly effective working Constitution cannot be made on paper; it must grow out of the needs and character of the people. Flaws were inevitable in the United States Constitution; and some of these, at least, have been gradually removed. Probably its chief flaw was, and still is, that it is in advance of the people. It does not reflect them accurately, but flatters them. Therein it may serve as an ideal to be aimed at, or on the other hand it may pander to self-satisfaction. That all men were born free und equal is a noble sentiment; but in view of the way in which, throughout the States, negroes are still treated, it would be misleading to assume that it is a sentiment which the Americans, as yet fully understand.

Nevertheless, we have no sympathy with a certain section of British critics of America who point out, not without satisfaction, the faults and flaws of American customs and foretell the final collapse of the Republic. Of the faults and flaws there there can be no doubt, but the healthy moral vigor of the people will in time reduce them. A nation which could imperil its existence and shed its own blood to purge itself of the curse of slavery is a nation likely in due time to rise above other wrongs. What more is to be looked for in any democracy? The people, untrained, inexperienced, are as likely to blunder when they control the States as kings blundered before them; but in time they will discover their crrors and retrieve them. Those who doubt the future of America would do well to read, for their instruction, the masterly account of perils faced and conquered, given by Mr. Powell in the book under review. There are other perils ahead, as Mr. Powell clearly points out; but there is also, as history amply proves, a reserve of moral strength which will not fail in emergencies.

There is something startling and novel to the average American reader in the recent temperance development in Canada. Canada with its English and French race descent one would assume would be a tippling country, but our Canadian neighbors have been developing a life of their own, and are laying the foundations of a nationality quite their own. The whole dominion of Canada has been summoned to a great plebiscite to vote upon the question, "Are you in favor of the passing of an act prohibiting the importation, manufacture or sale of spirits, wine, ale, beer, cider and all other alcoholic liquors for use as beverages?" This was submitting the question on its own merits, independent of party or personal entanglements. It was not to be expected that a majority would be in favor of such an act, but the fact that the question has been submitted is of immense significance. The American mind has passed through various stages of action and reaction on this question. Prohibition is not now a popular thought among most of those who claim to be advanced thinkers on questions of morals and state craft, but still there can be no doubt of a steady, sure and strong growth throughout the whole country toward the conviction and the practice of total abstinence from all alcoholic drinks except under medical advice and for medical reasons. More and more is the uselessness and extravagance of the habit even in its milder form established in the practical experience of an ever-increasing number of the competent. There is an equal growth in the conviction that so much of parentalism belongs to government as will enable the strong to protect the weak, the aged to guard the young, the responsible to help strengthen the irresponsible wills. The NEW UNITY sends its greetings to the voters in Canada. It will look with anxiety for the result of the vote, and trust that it will be able to surprise the world by leading the world in the direction of the high experiment.

A young Unitarian minister writes us: "I have begun to feel that the old distinction between Unitarians and Trinitarians is growing to be one without a difference, judging from the utterances of 'Congregationalists' like the Editor of the *Outlook* and his associate Doctor Whiton, and from the way in which Trinitarians and Unitarians alike welcomed Doctor Herron in St. Louis last winter, and I am beginning also to think that the time is ripe for a small propaganda movement that will hesitate to enter no synagogue nor church, and in trying to reach the 'masses' will know none of these distinctions because it looks beyond them all to the divine in the human. Some of us have dreamed of a brotherhood for such propaganda. Thus far it is largely on paper. Our idea is to try to continue Jesus' work by reaching out after the unchurched, by welcoming all Jew or Catholic, who are willing to help establish truth, righteousness and love in the world and who are ready to depend upon themselves, upon their own hands and brains for support. It is our further dream that such a brotherhood should try to meet once a year for two weeks or a month in the neighborhood of some university or divinity school each year for study and conference." It is easy to dismiss dreams. It is fashionable to smile at them but the most permanent forces ever introduced into society have been the projections of dreams. Let these young men continue their dreaming and begin at once to convert the dream into waking realities, for this dream contains at least three distinct elements that touch the persistent and curing forces of life, viz: 1. They propose to beat a truce to the theological warfare that has distracted the centuries and to rest themselves in the universalities of literature, science and morals. 2. They propose to cut loose from the debilitating dependencies that paralyze so much of the so-called missionary work of the denomination, the trusting for support from some outside aid, hanging their usefulness upon the appropriations that may come from some society more or less remote from the life of the town in which the work is done, and of the worker who undertakes the task. 3. The coming together for conference, organizing the vacation time and rescuing it from the debilitating indolence that now besets the professional man, making it indeed a season of re-creation by using it to restore the wasted tissues of the mind and to refill the exhausted cisterns of the brain. Let these dreamers go on and realize this brotherhood.

Why go to Omaha?

The most important communication concerning the Congress that has appeared in our columns for a long time is the one printed last week, the message which the representatives of the so-called orthodox churches on the Congress Board sent to their associates, the liberal-minded members within the pale of the evangelical churches, and we believe that this constituency number a mighty host. If the extensive correspondencs upon the General Secretary's desk proves anything, it proves that there are liberal minds within the pale of orthodoxy and that there is a living ministry inside the fellowship of the orthodox churches that have consecrated their lives to progress, that are committed to the message of love and that they stay inside of these churches for manly and heroic reasons.

The Secretary's correspondence also proves that the Liberal Congress is finding a welcome in the hearts of these people that are in the denominations not to emphasize their limitations or to guard their boundaries but to remove their limitations and to disregard or enlarge their bounderies. The most encouraging words that have come to the desk of Secretary and Editor these last months, have come from these liberated preachers who believe that the Congress' message is needed by their constituency and that it is their business to help it along.

If the friends of the Liberal Congress outside the orthodox churches will possess themselves with the patience that characterizes the friends inside, and quietly work, and when need be patiently wait the moving of the spirit, the fond hope that the Parliament of Religion was a beginning more than a fruition will be realized and the great work there inaugurated will be carried on.

Why go to Omaha? Because the beginning already made is of a kind that deserves further effort. The foundations laid are worthy a superstructure yet to be reared. Whatever mistakes and crudities have been associated with the work of the Congress this far have been the mistakes of open minds that are not only willing but anxious to correct them. If there be any friends of co-operation, inter-denominational fraternity and practical righteousness who have held aloof from the Congress for fear it might not adequately represent these principles, they are needed at Omaha, they will be welcome there and their suggestions will be gladly considered. The Liberal Congress is yet so plastic a movement that it will respond to the formative touch that is directed by any creative mind.

Dear friends of liberality, advocates of the religion of love, why should you hold aloof, distrustful if not antagonistic, suspicious instead of sympathetic? Are we not yet through with the aloofness that differentiates? Can we not stand together with a confidence that will eventually unite and combine? Certainly those who want the same thing will eventually find themselves together if they are loyal to the attractions. We urge upon our readers the sacrifice necessary to go to Omaha. If they cannot take their bodies there, then let them send their spirits and let the witness of the spirit take partial form in the money support necessary to make the Congress a great success. The program is assured. Not only eminent men and women but great men and women from many and distant parts of the terrestrial and celestial geography will be there. They will discuss high problems, and that they may devise some wise plans looking to the perpetuation of the work already done and doing is our prayer.

We have given in these pages at different times a message to the Unitarians, to the Independents, to the Jews, and now to those who will listen to it in the orthodox churches. Only one group represented in our directory has failed to send the message to their constituency, and that we can assure our readers was not for want of sympathy with the Congress on the part of the directors in question, but a question on their part as to whether they had the right to speak to the Universalists of the country. In all these messages there is practically but one word and one call. It is the call which Rudyard Ripling gives to the deep sea cables,—

"LET US BE ONE."

If we are right in believing that religion is the most fundamental force in life and that it should inspire leadership in high causes and great movements in these days of synthesis, when the nations are groping towards one another, how imperative is the call upon the would-be representative of religion and how high is the opportunity of the Congress.

Reader, there is no one to take *your* place in this army, no one to do *your* work for you, no one to pay *your* share of the bills. It is only in so far as *you* believe in this work, help it and sustain it, will it be carried on.

Look for the full program next week.

Come to Omaha!

The Common People.

A good student of American life and politics will be convinced that the real key of our success is, not that we have had great leaders or even great statesmen, but that the common people constitute the really most important factor in our federal system. So long as we can keep the people thoroughly alive to political and moral issues the republic is safe and progress is sure. This idea was grasped by the very first settlers. They did not undertake to create a breed of distinguished men, but to educate the whole mass of the common people. It is curious to see how this idea has re-

expressed itself throughout American history. Moving westward, we find State after State passing laws like this, which I copy from the Indiana statutes, "That whereas, knowledge and learning, generally diffused throughout a community, are essential to the preservation of a free government, and whereas, spreading the opportunities and advantages of education through the various parts of the community are highly conducive to this end, it shall be the duty of the General Assembly to pass such laws as shall be calculated to encourage intellectual, scientific and agricultural improvement, by allowing rewards and immunities for the promotion and improvement of arts, sciences, commerce, manufactures, and natural history; and to countenance and encourage the principles of humanity, industry and morality. For this end the Assembly is required to provide for a general system of education, ascending in a regular graduation from township schools to a State university, where instruction shall be gratis, and equally free for all."

It must not be presumed, however, that popular rights have been ascendant in America without a struggle. Just one hundred years ago, under the presidency of John Adams, a Sedition bill was passed by Congress, allowing the arrest, fine and imprisonment of any man who criticised the acts of the party in power. Under this Act a dozen of the ablest editors of the United States were imprisoned; one Congressman, stumping for reëlection, was arrested for criticising the President, and held for four months in a cold guard house, where his health was seriously damaged, besides being compelled to pay a fine of $1,000. It was the culmination of an era of struggle, on the part of autocracy and aristocracy, to get entire control of the new-born republic. Free suffrage was held to be well enough, provided all the votes were cast for the select few, who by education and wealth held themselves to be "the Best."

Thomas Jefferson put an end to all of this, by organizing the common people into a great party, which in 1800 elected him president. From that day on the people have really been the rulers in America. And those have been our ablest Presidents and most honored, who have kept themselves closest to the popular desire and popular will. Abraham Lincoln was most notable for his ability to wait for and ascertain what the people wished and to trust to the popular heart. Mr. McKinley has shown his greatness in the same direction. He has obeyed the voice of the American people rather than the voice of politicians. Jefferson said that in the long run the people could always be trusted —that if they made blunder you might be sure they would sooner or later correct it, but that the characteristic of any other form of government was to adhere to its errors.

Still, notwithstanding the voice of history and of our greatest statesmen, there is an easy lapse into pessimism. Wendell Phillips tells us that in his earlier years John Lothrop Motley was much given to express despair in popular government. Pointing to the Massachusetts legislature he said, "What hope have we in such men as these?" But going abroad for a few years, as our Minister to the Hague, Motley came back well cured. "I met him," says Phillips, "on the wharf as he stepped from the ship. As if beginning where we had left off our conversation some years previous, he said, 'Phillips you were right! there is something worth living for and dying for in this government of the people.'" Andrew White tells us that "An illiterate mass of men, large or small, is a mob. If such a mob had a hundred millions of heads it is none the less a mob. And the voice of a mob has been in all times evil. For it has ever been the voice of a tyrant—conscious of power, unconscious of responsibility. Most of the great efforts for republican institutions in modern times have been drowned in unreason, fanaticism, anarchy and blood. No sense of responsibility can be brought to bear on a mob. Build your Constitution as largely as you may; let its ground-tone of justice be the most profound; let its utterances of human right be trumpet-tongued; let its combinations of checks and balances be the most subtle; yet what statesman shall so play upon its mighty keys as to still the howling tempest of party spirit or sectional prejudice, or race hatred, sweeping through an illiterate mob crowding a continent?" The truth involved in these words is so much less and so insignificant compared with the greater truth that the people can be trusted, and have the ability to govern themselves, that it is to be hoped Mr. White will follow the example of Mr. Motley on his return from Europe. John Adams began to write in the same key of distrust of the people and Constitutional restraint, but he got grandly over it. The fact is that between the people and any sort of autocracy, the safer force and surer to keep justice to the front, is *the people*. Edmund Kirk draws a comparison of John Jordan and General Garfield. Jordan was a man of about the same capacity as Garfield, but he had the misfortune to be born in Kentucky while Garfield was born in Ohio. And here is the moral "The free schools of Ohio gave to one what the scanty schools of Kentucky denied the other. Plant a free school on every Southern cross roads and every Southern Jordan will become a Garfield." But we are told that Jordan, while wearing the rough homespun garb of a scout, was the very ideal of a hero and a loyal citizen. Only, when the war was over, he filled an unknown grave in the Cumberland mountain. The true comment, as I should avow it, is

that a noble life of a noble scout, a true patriot, a brave soldier and an honest man is fully equal as an ideal before God and man, to that of any president that ever sat in the White House. If American schooling has done any mischief that is worse than any other, it is the depreciation of *work* and humble worth in comparison with brain power and title. What we need is to exalt and honor simplicity, purity and faithfulness in common things and everyday life. We should restore, as far as possible, to general acceptance, the fact that honor is greater than honors, and that the grandest life may be lived without being bruited abroad in the public print or glorified by the votes of fellow citizens. The real glory of a true education is not that it creates a class able to stand above and rule other classes, but that it makes all citizens equal. All hail the common people!

E. P. P.

Correspondence.

Gladstone and Theism.

To The Editor:

In an article recently published the writer quotes from the declarations of the distinguished British Statesman to prove that he was a theist and quoted the following: "We may find that Christianity is in some sense a scaffolding and that the final building is a pure and perfect theism etc." Christ was questioned as to what to do to be saved and he replied to the Lawyer "keep the law." His response to the young man was substantially the same. He declared that those who aided the poor and needy and aspired to the will of God were the accepted of Deity. Surely that is theism. He asserted that he came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance—the whole needed no physician.

Cardinal Gibbons, in his great address at the Parliament of Religions at Chicago, said: "Religion pure and undefiled before God the Father is this: to visit the fatherless and the widow in their affliction and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

The distinguished Roman Catholic also quoted from Cicero, as follows: "There is no way by which men can approach nearer to the Gods than contributing to the welfare of their fellow creatures."

Undoubtedly Christ taught Theism—He reaffirmed Judaism.

QUAKER.

The Reckoning.

Weary at set of sun,
Counting what she had done
  To earn the hour of rest,
She sighed, "I live in vain;
Naught comes of toil or pain,
  Although I do my best."

But rich beyond compare
The wage that is her share
  Who toils at love's behest;
Beyond earth's paltry gold
Her gain. Her triumph told
  In this, "She does her best."

—*Mary E. Stickney in Lippincott's,*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

The Making of Men.

As the insect from the rock
  Takes the color of its wing;
As the bowlder from the shock
  Of the ocean's rhythmic swing
Makes itself a perfect form,
  Learns a calmer front to raise;
As the shell, enameled warm
  With the prism's mystic rays,
Praises wind and wave that make
  All its chambers fair and strong;
As the mighty poets take
  Grief and pain to build their song:
Even so for every soul,
  Whatsoe'er its lot may be,—
Building, as the heavens roll,
  Something large and strong and free,—
Things that hurt and things that mar
  Shape the man for perfect praise;
Shock and strain and ruin are
  Friendlier than the smiling days.

—*John White Chadwick.*

Criminology in America. II.

The Criminological Series: D. Appleton & Co. are publishing a criminological series. They have selected the best possible man for editor in W. Douglas Morrison. He is the author of two of the most thoughtful books on crime in our language, books at once conservative and forceful. His *Crime and its Causes* appeared several years ago. It was intensely interesting. It presented results of the latest studies, compiled statistics, summarized views, but was throughout so full of independent thought and research that it was absolutely a new book.

So far four volumes of the new series have appeared—Lombroso and Ferrero *The Female Offender*, Ferri, *Criminal Sociology*, Morrison, *Juvenile Offenders*, and Proal, *Political Crime*. Three of the four are translations from the Italian and French. The translating—especially from Italian, might be improved.

The first of the series, *The Female Offender*, studies the criminal woman after the method pursued in Lombrso's *Uomo delinquente* in regard to man. The female offender is studied physically and mentally. First analytical study is made of her anomalies. Then from the data secured by synthesis the distinct types of female criminality are brought out—the born criminal, the occasional criminal, the criminal of passion, the hysterical and epileptic criminal. As usual with Lombroso's work, the treatment lacks symmetry, balance and arrangement. The book is important, however, and must always be the starting point in further work along the same line.

Possibly Ferri's *Criminal Sociology* may be considered the clearest, sanest, and most direct discussion in the whole range of Italian criminological literature to date. The author is fully informed of all that the study of the criminal has shown us regarding "degeneracy," "atavism," "born criminals" and "criminal types." He gives full weight to these ideas, but he also realizes that there are other things of importance in criminal questions. He studies crime in its social aspect. There are

for him three factors of crime—anthropological, physical and social. No one of these alone will explain crime. Only when the causes of crime are clearly recognized can true reforms be brought about. The author boldly announces punishment a general failure. He suggests various penal substitutes and considers them in detail. The whole of his third (and final) chapter discusses *Practical Reforms*.

The little book closes with these words:

"Such, then in general outline, is the positive system of social, preventive and repressive defence against crime and criminals, in accordance with the inferences from a scientific study of crime as a natural and social phenomenon. It is a defensive system which, in the nature of things, must of necessity be substituted for the criminal and penitentiary systems of the classical school, so soon as the daily experience of every nation shall have established the conviction, which at this moment is more or less profound, but merely of a general character, that these systems are henceforth incompatible with the needs of society, not only by their crude pedantry, but also because their consequences are becoming daily more disastrous."

The hopeful and aggressive character of the book is one of its most striking features.

Without absolutely knowing it to be the fact, we believe Mr. Morrison to have been profoundly influenced by the book just considered, in his writing of *Our Juvenile Offenders*. It is a strong book. The author is straightforward, clear, careful. He is not afraid of statistics but used them so interestingly that even "the ordinary reader" would not wish him to omit a figure. He is a firm believer in eliminating causes of crime and pretty nearly convinced that punishment is a complete failure. The work is divided into two parts—*The Conditions of Juvenile Crime* and *The Treatment of Juvenile Crime*. Each is discussed in a series of sharply separated chapters. Not the least important feature of the book is the plain and succinct summary at the close of each discussion. A single paragraph, taken almost at haphazard indicates the author's position:

"It has already been pointed out that other causes besides economic conditions play their part in bending the mind toward criminal courses and it is not to be supposed that an improvement in economic surroundings alone will ever banish criminal propensities from the human heart. Nevertheless, it is equally indisputable that if it were possible to effect some permanent improvement in the economic circumstances of the most impoverished sections of the juvenile population, offenses against property would undoubtedly manifest a distinct tendency to diminish. The only way in which it seems possible to effect this improvement is by raising the standard of industrial efficiency among the least favored members of the juvenile population. How this reform is to be accomplished is undoubtedly a most formidable problem. It will never be accomplished if left to the parents of such children in cases where they have parents. It is a reform which must proceed from collective action on the part of the community. At present the community confines its operations to bestowing industrial training on children who have actually fallen; it is probable that it would be a wiser, and in the end a more economic, policy to bestow a similar training on those who are likely to fall."

Louis Proal's *Political Crime* is a strange companion for the three preceding works. They are written from the standpoint of recent study of a positivist kind; they all hold that the criminal rather than the crime is the matter of interest; they all look to some substitute for or modification of punitive action. Here we have a book from the classical standpoint. Proal is certainly an eminent man: Mr. Giddings writes an introduction for fear that we might not know it. The book presents us some three hundred and forty pages of anecdotes and apt quotations showing how bad politics are and how bad it has been ever since society began. It shows how dangerous is anarchy and how necessary is punishment. It proves that all the world is corrupt except the judges, and that of judges Louis Proal is a conspicuous and shining example, who is ready daily to sentence anarchists, fearless of results. Then follow sixteen pages of discussion suggested by the anecdotes and quotations. In closing we read: "Science without conscience, Rabelais has said, is the ruin of the soul. Politics without morality are the ruin of society." Proal's book is interesting. It is extremely suggestive. It is written with genuine earnestness of purpose. It is well worth reading. Our criticism applies less to the book than to the question of its fitness for a number of this series.

The Museum of Criminal Anthropology, Pueblo, Mexico. Some months ago the author printed (*Am. Jour. Sociol.*, July, 1897) a brief notice of the ward in criminal anthropology at the State Penitentiary at Pueblo, Mexico. This work is in charge of Dr. Francisco Martiny Baca and his assistant, Dr. Manuel Vergara. The museum established by them at that institution constantly grows in interest and importance. At present there are more than eighty skulls in the collection. Full data regarding the life, history, character and crime of the individuals from whom these were taken are on record. The number of skulls is large enough to permit of their being grouped according to crime and studied in this grouping. The group showing the greatest skull capacity (and presumable brain development) are the planners of great thefts; next to them come homicides; after them follow the other groups. The series of preserved brains and brain casts is growing, although much smaller than the series of skulls. Only those brains are preserved and modeled which show combination of a number of anomalies. There are now, perhaps, a dozen specimens, some of which are of remarkable interest. A curious collection has been made of the weapons used in deeds of violence and homicide. Besides such firearms as might be seen anywhere is a curious array of knives, machetes, scissors, sacking-needles, stones and ropes. Some of them have horrible stories connected with them. There are curious *geographical* variations in the instruments used in such crimes. Dr. Baca's book on tattooing among Mexican criminals will soon be out. It will be the most interesting work so far published on criminal tattooing because dealing with material absolutely new, and coming from a district both geographically and ethnically isolated from those already studied. The book will be illustrated with fifteen interesting plates.

FREDERICK STARR.

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

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The Re-Forestration of Tower Hill.

AFTER-VACATION SERMON PREACHED IN ALL SOULS CHURCH, CHICAGO, BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, SEPT, 18TH, 1898.

Dear friends, momentous things have happened since last we met in this place. There are no vacant spots in nature. There have been no vacancies in the life of the world during the last ten weeks. The term "vacation" is misleading. Life and death, peace and war, joy and despair have filled to the full the measure of time that has intervened.

My perplexity this morning is to know what fragment of life, what few grains of thought I may bring you out of the bushel of experience that has been gathered into the granary of our lives during our so-called vacation, a vacation fraught with blessing in proportion as we have escaped indolence, idleness, emptiness.

This year it is not my river, nor the bird, nor the tree, no human event or personal incident that will introduce my after-vacation sermon. Rather let old Tower Hill itself send to you through me its message. For two months and more I have nestled in its bosom. Asleep and awake, in daylight and in darkness, through sunshine and moonshine it has ministered unto me. It is true that ever and anon the human forces that sat at its feet and traversed its brow were rallied and they were precipitated in this interest and that. The human parasites tried to do something for themselves, for others and for the hill. There was an output of mind and will, a manifestation of what we in our conceit would call "civilization" on that hill, but the truth that is borne in upon me above all others is the truth that there was a force beyond and behind us, working upon us, more mysterious than any conscious force we could bring into action. In other words, the hill was more creative than its inhabitants; life revealed itself most persistently and abundantly in its sub-human and super-human forces.

But I must illustrate rather than try to state what I mean. The hill which is my text is not wanting in a human investment that is interesting. The story of its men and women, traceable through some seventy years of mortal time, could I but tell it in all its hidden wealth and pathos, would bring to us to-day a profound sermon

"On the world's seemings and realities."

Tower Hill is one of the countless bluffs moulded by the eroding fingers of the Wisconsin river that quietly flows at its base, two hundred feet below its summit. It was a landmark to the early navigator of the waterway when it was the highway of territorial commerce. Twenty miles to the southward lay the once famous lead regions of Wisconsin. At that time Tower Hill was the "shot-tower hill." Through its bold face was bored over sixty years ago the perpendicular shaft through which the molten lead dropped into the waiting water below that fixed the little spheres. Another horizontal shaft carried the shot out to the daylight and the finishing house from which they were loaded directly onto the boats which carried them to the St. Louis and other down the Mississippi river markets. Then Shot Tower Hill had a commercial significance. Its value was rendered in terms of trade. Its sloping sides were denuded of the stately pines for their lumber-making values. The houses of the operatives flecked its base and the boys and girls of a thriving village made excursions to its summit to see the "works."

The railroads came and changed the commercial front of the country. The lead regions were exhausted. The thriving village vanished. The portable portions of the shot tower plant were moved to Chicago and became a part of the West Side shot tower. In a few years Heléna, as the neighbors called the village, became less than a deserted village, and there was nothing left of the shot tower but the holes in the bluff. The hill became the waste land not worth the taxes. It was exposed to the annual or semi-annual devastations of fire. It became the common pasture land that was the rendezvous of the tramp steers, the vagrant sheep and the long-nosed pigs that belonged to the far off primitive farming when hogs had to root for their own living. It became the abandoned lot, marked with blackened stumps and tangled briar. Here the barren sand was seamed with irregular cow paths which were lined in the autumn month with the formidable sand bur which the Agricultural department at Washington in its last Year-Book classes among "the twenty-five most harmful weeds," and which science well calls the *Cenchrus Tribuloides*, for who has ever come within touch of its insolent familiarity that has not known tribulation? So utterly abandoned, unprofitable and disreputable had this hill become that the residents smiled a sickly smile of sympathy for the city parson who wasted even money enough to secure a tax title to the worthless, apparently fruitless and certainly sun-burned hill. The sickly smile gave way to an open laugh when around and upon this tax title, three parsons proposed to organize the Tower Hill Pleasure Company and to make it a retreat for the tired, a resting place to weary nerve, a shelter to the footsore travelers on the pilgrimage of life. This was but eight years ago. During this time the old village plat has again been re-platted, cottages, dining-hall, pavilion, long houses, ice house and snow white tents have marked the hillslope. Through the shaft where once the molten lead dropped on its way to murder, the wind now lifts the purest of water from the cool heart of the Potsdam sandstone, the earliest of stratified rocks close to the granite backbone of the pre-Adamic island that was the first to lift its head above the ocean wastes in all of what is now the Mississippi Valley. This is one of the oldest geologic spots on the globe. This water is deposited in a rock-ribbed reservoir on the top of the hill and distributed through the hydrants that almost justify the urban title of "waterworks." During these eight years there has been some unsystematic tree planting. A few scores of elms and maples, birch and basswood planted by men's hands are getting a start. There has been some seed sowing and a little sprinkling in midsummer, some planting of flowers, but the planted trees

have scarcely got started, the so-called cultivated flower for want of early tending is often sickly, and still the hill even to those who knew it in its fallen estate is confessedly pretty, and to the learned eye it is increasingly beautiful. It has become in these eight years, as the horticulturist told us last summer, a marvelous nursery of forest trees. Its breast is matted with baby oaks, maples and ash. Thousands of little pines, two, three, four years old, are pushing their evergreen spires upward on the very spot where their forelders fell in their majesty before the devasting ax of man, half a century and more ago. Now where the graceless Tribuloidi held their burs in wait to throw the city matron off her dignity, little children roll on the white clover swards, and the neighborly farmers, cordially rejoicing in the truth, tell us of the wonderful change we have wrought on Tower Hill. Change there has been, but the interest culminates in the inquiry, "What has brought about this change?" and the point of this sermon, if there be a point to it, will be found in the answer to this question.

The seeding, the planting and the sprinkling are but small, insignificant and relatively unnecessary elements in the change. The great thing that was done for the hill on the human side was the mere negative work of throwing a barbed wire fence around our sixty acres to keep out the denuding hordes of cattle, the browsing sheep and the rooting hogs, and to give it that oversight and moral dignity which for eight years has saved the hill from the devastating fires, the annual holocaust. In other words, we have simply protected the hill from human interference, and nature has done most of the work. The cottagers have planted a few vines and they are doing well. They may boast of their morning glories and summon men and women to the early revelations, but nature has twined her trees with ivy, groined forest arches with the grape vine, and interwoven the whole hillslope with the magic tracery of twisted and climbing things, the delicacy of whose foliage and the grace of whose drapings enhance and interpret the high achievements of the woman-trained vines in their grace and glory. The women have done best when they have taken counsel of the hills and have re-planted only what nature has already planted there. They have been somewhat successful with the nasturtium, and the geraniums have been faithful as they are everywhere to human guidings, but the hill itself has grown, to the delight of its dwellers, great wealths of columbine and painted cup, spider wort and milk weed, scouring rush and purple vetch, verbena and silk weed, lobelia and cardinal flower. Tower Hill has a garden which did splendidly with its parsnips, carrots and cabbages, its peas, its beans and its melons, as the boarders gladly testify, but the hill grew without the gardener's touch, catnip and spearmint, smartweed and boneset. It had its ornamental shrubbery in the way of button bush, spirea and silver weed. Man had but to keep down the fires, keep out his cattle, and then the hill gave to him harebell and evening primrose, sunflower, girardia, marguerites and half a hundred other plants that need only rarity to make them the pride of the florist as they are already the joy of the botanist. We kept the fires off the hill and junipers matted the hillslope with their evergreen saucers thirty feet in diameter and five feet high at the rim. Gracious cedars confidently lift their little heads in front of our cottage doors. Their tops now range from the level of a man's eye to the height of a child's knee, but they have started out on the patient growth that will see them a hundred years from now, if man keeps his fire out and protects them from the browsing goat and his kind, until they are strong enough to take care of themselves, rise to the dignity of the cedars of Lebanon. Then they will be the stalwart elders of the forest.

Seated in front of Westhope cottage within distinguishing range of the eye, a radius of perhaps fifty feet, I counted one day a variety of thirty different plants and grasses without including the trees and cultivated varieties. Whence comes this fertility, this splendid fecundity even of an abandoned hill?

The first answer is a most assuring and comforting one. This much at least we are sure of, they were not man sown. Nature is fecund from center to circumference. Every yard of earth, every cubic foot of air, and every pint of water is full of undeveloped possibilities, they are impregnate with life. They are a mighty storehouse of living germs. Give any one of them a chance, keep out the devastating forces, and lo, they burst into life. Potential forests slumber in the close cropped pasture lots. The abandoned hillslope that you can secure with a tax title is in possibility a great arboretum where the student of trees may revel in lore independent of college or professor. One of the Vanderbilts has made himself a benefactor to the State by setting apart Biltmore, his great forest park near Asheville, North Carolina, for a school in forestry, whither the young men of the nation may come and prepare themselves for the rising profession of foresters. But there lies a possibility of a Biltmore, a school in forestry, anywhere, on any of the bluff sides, in any of the hollows and pockets formed by the tributaries of the upper Mississippi, if only the fires were kept off and nature had a chance.

This fecundity of nature, this tendency of old Mother Earth to reclothe herself in becoming habiliments, is of immense economic significance which the governments of the world are beginning to realize.

Forestry is a growing term in economics. It is engaging the attention of statesmen and scientists. Our country is beginning to waken up to the fact that it must take warning and instruction from the older countries of Europe and protect its forests. The department at Washington estimates that the existing supply of timber would be exhausted in sixty years, but that forests may grow into fuel supplying size in fifteen to twenty-five years; into timber-yielding dimensions in from seventy-five to a hundred years. Much has been written concerning tree planting. J. Sterling Morton, Secretary of Agriculture under President Cleveland, has won for himself sure fame and national immortality in establishing Arbor Day and giving to Nebraska the name of "The Tree Planters' State." But it is quite apparent now to the student that the production of forests is not so much dependent on artificial planting as it is on the protection of nature's plant-

ing. The Island of St. Helena has been denuded twice in the range of European history. Much of the semi-desert country of the East, including Palestine and much of Turkey, simply awaits the protecting, not the producing hand of man. The far-seeing legislators of Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota are now trying to devise some methods by which the State can re-possess itself of the pine-lands which to the short sighted seemed to have been rendered worthless by the denudation of their forests. Now it is seen how short-sighted was the State that sold the land instead of selling the timber on the land, for if it did but hold the right to the realty, the great grand-children of the proud pine barons, made rich by the appropriating to private uses the great public providence deposited in the forests of earth, might again reap another golden harvest, if indeed the State had not meanwhile learned the lesson that forbids it to sign away for a nominal consideration the great natural bounties of God that form the natural wealth of all the people.

But I have not hinted at this nature triumph on Tower Hill in order to draw an economic lesson. I have told the story for its profound spiritual significance, hoping that it may enforce a timely ethical lesson. It is as true of soul fields as of physical fields. They are often desecrated by the wanton hands that destroy the tree growths in their infancy. They are devastated by the consuming fires of passion in its many forms. They are prostituted by the interfering and intrusive hands of others. This parable of Tower Hill leads us to some very subtle and sober problems in child rearing, character making, home planting. Something can be done in the planting of seeds, in the cultivation of exotics, in producing what might be called a man-made crop in the fields of the spirit. To this end have we established schools and lectureships. To this end do we organize classes and clubs. All this is well. Let us continue. But there is a higher work in protecting the seeds planted deep in the constitutions of our children and of ourselves by an unrecorded ancestry. Our greatest work is to keep out the fires, protect the tender buds while they are still tender, nurture them until they become self reliant and self assertive forces in the spiritual realm. A vagrant goat may nip off the terminal bud from the pine seedling when it is but a foot above the ground, and the tapering axis that would have climbed straight as an arrow eighty to one hundred feet into the air, is made forever impossible. It may grow, but it will be through lateral and crooked branches. So it is in the life of the child, in your life and mine. Our concern should be not to set out our minds with transplanted growths, but to protect and bring to completion the germs that are already planted there. The splendid fecundity of Tower Hill, never noted for its fertility, is a symbol of every soul. There are possibilities within you that you yourselves know not of. The germs of pine and oak lie slumbering in your soul. Give them but a chance, keep off the fires, the distracting interferences, and in ways ye know not of and in times ye dream not of, these germs will venture into life, climb into strength and become in God's own good time, mighty towers of strength and beauty. Darwin in the later years of his life bemoaned the fact that in his absorbing studies he had neglected poetry and music, and had thereby lost to a great extent his power of enjoying the same. But Darwin himself was at the very time making poetry for the generations to follow, gathering the material that is convertible into song and into literature as well as science. He needed but to give his soul a chance, secure for it a little leisure, build around it a little fence to keep out the intrusive studies and the carking cares, and the song seed and the poetry germs lying dormant there, would be promptly quickened and burst into life in due time to bloom and bear fruit. John Stuart Mill, the tireless philosopher, came to a period of soul barrenness, a time when the world seemed to him flat and unprofitable and his heart was depressed within him. This fell spell was broken when one day he discovered himself weeping over the sorrows of an imaginary heroine described in a work of fiction. The seed was there. All it needed was the opportunity, the favorable condition, the quickening circumstance.

My friends, have you a child that seems to have grown indifferent to the holy things of life, blasé to the sanctities, stolid in the presence of the duties and the beauties of being? Study the case carefully and you will probably find that the soul field of the child has been invaded by outside influences and interferences. It has been burned over by the passion of publicity, idle curiosity and social sensation. Try and retire it, throw a fence around it, protect it from these wild and shallow dissipations, and the process of reforestration will take place. The most skillful mother heart I have ever known argued the other day that any child taken young enough could be made a good child. Yes, perhaps under the protecting guardianship of that mother heart. Not what you teach your child, not what you do for it, but what the child is allowed to do for itself, particularly the life it is allowed to live by itself and of itself. Said the experienced forester to the Tower Hill directors, "Let the hill alone. Cut no underbrush. Let the matted thickness be. Let the fallen leaves lie. They hold the moisture, retain the snow, shelter from the scorching sun, and trees grow thus protected that would die under your "cultivation." I would not push my figure too far, but I do believe that there are boys and girls all around us whose souls are withered and dry and growing barren from over-interference under the name of "cultivation." The Nebraska tree planters have found that their pines grow better when planted thick and that the best results are found when the young conifers are furnished with nurses, that is, deciduous, quick-growing trees planted between the rows. The rapid growing locust or soft maple nurse in their youth the baby pines that will outlive and outreach their foster mothers.

Let us take the problem further along into life. Here is the man to whom business is a necessity and to whom books are a burden, a man whose life is expressed in figures, market quotations and percentages. Once that man loved poetry, once he was genial company, once he could sing, had an eye for flowers and time for music. Are all these forces driven from the soul? No. It is a case for re-forestration. Keep out the fires and keep off for a while the browsing quadrupeds, and nature out

of her abundant breast will again send forth a new mantle of green, a new output of spiritual vegetation.

My hill has a lesson for communities as well as individuals. Here perhaps we discover the philosophy of so-called protective legislation. What did the wise founders of the village of Hyde Park do for us? With what great spiritual advantage did this territory come into our city limits? What is meant by the "prohibitory district?" Simply a barbed wire fence that keeps out the devastating fires, the consuming and denuding conflagrations of inebriety.

What is the church in its best estate? A place where souls may find shelter, may flee from the impoverishing and drying distractions of the world, where the heart may sequester itself and give the germs of goodness slumbering in the seed a chance.

Since last we met here, tremendous events have transpired in our national and international life. Santiago, Puerto Rico, Manila, are names freighted with connotations of war. War in its best estate is a forest fire that destroys the very country it would redeem, and blights the very forces it would protect and cultivate. How gracious then were the tidings of peace and how sublime was the message that followed hard upon the heels of the Spanish-American truce that came from the grim land of the Tartar. No state document has appeared since our own Declaration of Independence, so evangelical in its message, so far reaching in its prophecy, so benignant in its intent as that which was sent from the crowned head of Russia to the nations of the world. Heretofore Russia in our thought has been the grim land of Nihilist, Siberian cruelty and Jewish persecution. But by some divine process of protection there has been carried on a process of re-forestration in that cold country of the bear. The pictures of Veretschagen, the gospel of Tolstoi and the parables of Turgenieff have been nursing their kind in the sheltered walks of Russian life. Nursed by these perhaps short-lived trees there has been growing into life and beauty this perennial pine. The prophecy in the Czar's proclamation is indicated by the glad reception it has received at the hands of earth's noblest. What a promise of re-forestration is there here, when the indolent armies of Europe will be relegated to the fields, when the exhausted coffers of the nations will be depleted no more for the support of idle armament. Oh, lift from the powers of Europe the cost of gunpowder, let the energies now diverted, dissipated and destroyed to and by the god of war, be allowed to relapse into the creative world, and how sterile hills will gladden, abandoned fields become fertile, and what was before drear and forbidding will grow fragrant and beautiful. Give to these words either a physical or spiritual interpretation and they will be equally true. Even Spain, if she but return to her vine-clad hills, attend to her olive gardens, and give her soul an opportunity to find itself once more, may become the cradle of another chivalry, the home of a new romance, from which another Columbus will sail to find new and more lasting Spanish possessions.

But I must not begin the season with a long sermon. The sum of it all is that the potencies of life are abundant. Nature's resources are exhaustless and it is the province of the economist and the moralist not to create but to protect and direct this mighty power not ourselves, that makes for beauty and righteousness, for truth and duty. It is the province of the church, the school and the State to enter into coöperation with these mighty forces that are always lifting and always pushing. From beneath comes the mighty ground swell of progress. Out of the unseen, the intangible, burst the revelations of the eternal. We are here in this city devasted with greed and passion, the prairie fires of ambition and speculation, we are here among men and women whose hearts are dried out, whose brains have been scorched with selfishness and outwardness, to make a Tower Hill of the spirit, a camping ground of the soul, a playground of the spirit, a place where children will be restored to childlike simplicity, where men and women will be renewed in their domestic loyalties, their fireside enjoyments, the neighborly helpfulness, where citizens will be snatched from the blistering winds of partisanship, carried from the arid sand beds of prejudice and distrust, to be revived in the gracious shades of principle, under the protecting limbs, the leafy bowers of disinterested loyalty, international sympathy, cosmopolitan enthusiasm and humanitarian devotion. Oh, there is work to do for us who are here assembled, for the neighbors that are left at home, for the children that we inadequately control, for the lovers that imperfectly love, for the fathers and mothers who are raising orphaned children in the very laps of those who gave them being, because neither parent nor children have touched the soul depths or quickened the soul germs that God has given them. Oh, there is work for us to do. Not to import into this garden of the Lord any delicate exotics, not to transplant the doubtful growth of other climes, but to develop what is already planted here, to uncoil the forces that have been coiled by the hands of the infinite God in your souls and mine, and to let the springs of action loose so that we may become as individuals, as a church and as a city, co-workers, protectors and exponents of that

"Energy that searches thorough
From Chaos to the dawning morrow;
Into all our human plight,
The soul's pilgrimage and flight;
In city or in solitude,
Step by step lifts bad to good,
Without halting, without rest,
Lifting Better up to Best;
Planting seeds of knowledge pure,
Through earth to ripen, through heaven endure."

The Book of Martyrs.

Read, sweet, how others strove,
Till we are stouter;
What they renounced,
Till we are less afraid;
How many times they bore
The faithful witness,
Till we are helped,
As if a kingdom cared!

Read then of faith
That shone above the fagot;
Clear strains of hymn
The river could not drown;
Brave names of men
And celestial women,
Passed out of record
Into renown!

—*Emily Dickinson.*

The Study Table.

Henri-Frederick Amiel.

"*Le Journal Intime.*"

This noble life a "failure" says our Time;
His sacred Journal, "Gospel of Defeat";
The judgment pilloring, not this soul sublime,
But only our own low aims. A life complete,
Above the hordes with muck-rake in their hands
He shows with peace and love upon the way;
Reveals again to earth God's clear commands,
Through life divine our eyes have seen to-day.
"Eternal wealth is that of soul alone;
All else but vilest dross to death fore-doomed."
Man calls it "failure," but to God is known
A victor soul in whom His love has bloomed;
To whom heav'n opens, who life's prize has won;
The voice and vision old, "My well-loved son."

JOHN M. DANA.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s Publications.

It is true of the publications of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. not only that they are beautiful to look at, but that they are wholesome intellectually and morally. I do not know where else we shall find so large a catalogue of literature, suited to build up right ideas and stimulate noble purpose, as this firm has placed on the market. A bunch of their latest novels lies before me, and it is difficult to say which should be placed at the front. Joel C. Harris sends us this time "Tales of the Home Folk, in Peace and War." The book is brimfull of humor, pathos and wit. There are twelve stories, led off by "How a Whalebone Caused a Wedding." I am not sure but I like best "A Baby in the Siege,"—a good rival for it is "A Bold Deserter." Mr. Harris has the happy faculty of giving us the Confederate side of the Civil War without offense. Indeed, so closely are the sections knotted together that we begin to feel almost as warm a sympathy for the sufferings of the South as for the sufferings of the North, during that painful era of our national life.

Did you read "Caleb West, Master Diver," as it went through its publication as a serial? If not, be sure to get it in book form. To say that it is the best work of F. Hopkinson Smith is to say a good deal. At all events it is one of the best, one of the most wholesome and strongest of American novels.

Another group of stories comes under the head of "The Imported Bridegroom." There are five stories in this volume, all illustrative of sweat-shop misery, and the ghetto region of New York. We have gone about as far in the direction of building up congested cities as we probably can go with safety to the republic. We may be thankful that the change of power from steam to electricity bids fair to reverse the tide, and more equally distribute population. But for the present the problem is on us, and we cannot shirk it; what shall we do with the crowded, degenerating conditions, existing in our great centers? The author of this volume is Mr. Abraham Cahan. It is a book that should be read by everyone interested in social questions.

Mrs. Helen Choate Prince gave us two novels of unquestionable power, "The Story of Christine Rochefort" and "A Transatlantic Chatelaine." She has added a third, which I think to be equal to the former. It is entitled "At the Sign of the Silver Crescent." It is largely an analysis of French domestic life—not suited, however, for young readers.

If anyone wishes for a thoroughly enjoyable magazine, intellectually of the highest rank, let him pick up the *New England Magazine* for September. We always turn first to the Editor's Table in this magazine, and as usual we are not disappointed. "Mr. Mead says, "Our duty as a people is to keep our ears and hearts open to all the wrongs in all the world. . . . This has been the first great war in human history waged professedly, and we believe really, on altruistic grounds, not in behalf of ourselves, but in behalf of oppressed and suffering neighbors."

I am sincerely sorry on opening the *Century*, for September, to find that Mr. S. Weir Mitchell's story, "The Adventures of Francois," comes to an end. Notwithstanding the power of Mr. Mitchell's "Hugh Wynne," it contained implied judgments of men and events that I did not like. But a more fascinating story than the "Adventures of Francois" I have seldom read. The *Century* also contains "Thoughts on American Imperialism," by Hon. Carl Schurz. Mr. Schurz has said so many very good things that he has come to a sublime conviction that he can never be wrong. He has set himself up as general censor of the American people, and of all affairs, great and little, throughout the republic. It is amusing to hear a man, foreigner by birth, whom we have made over into a good American citizen, and elected a United States Senator, talking to us soberly of the great danger of annexing to the United States people of foreign instincts and foreign tastes, whom he assures us very positively cannot be assimilated by the republic. A capital article on "Popular Superstitions of Europe," by our noted anthropologist Daniel G. Brinton, and another admirable article from President Gilman of John Hopkins University on DeTocqueville appear in same number.

The Review of Reviews, for September, gives us an admirable article on Secretary of State Day, and another on the "Cost and Finances of the War." The articles on Prince Bismarck are of secondary value; but the real importance of the *Review* is its summary of the progress of the world. It rarely strikes a false blow, and I should like to know where we can find a better guide to sound judgment concerning all live questions than in the discussions of this *Review*.

I am pleased to find that my family altogether, both young and old, are deeply interested in the *Literary Digest*, published by the Funk and Wagnalls Co. of New York. This is a weekly compendium of the contemporaneous thought of the world. It divides its admirable digest between "Topics of the Day," "Letters and Art," "Science and Invention," "The Religious World" and "Foreign Topics." It is thoroughly healthy, patriotic, and possessed of the spirit of sound religious, political, and common sense. As a family newspaper it is unequalled.

E. P. P.

Let us look at the good of life a little apart from our own particular sorrow.—*George Eliot.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Good luck is the willing handmaid of upright, energetic character, and conscientious observance of duty.

MON.—The brave makes danger opportunity;
The waverer, peltering with the chance sublime,
Dwarfs it to peril.

TUES.—Not suffering, but faint heart is worst of woes.

WED.—The *present* moves attended
With all of brave and excellent and fair
That made the old time splendid.

THURS.—To change and change is life; to move and never rest;
Not what we are, but what we hope is best.

FRI.—True power was never born of brutish strength.

SAT.—Be your own palace or the world's your gaol.

—*J. R. Lowell.*

To a Usurper.

Aha! a traitor in the camp,
A rebel strangely bold,—
A lisping, laughing, toddling scamp,
Not more than four years old!

He trots his treason to and fro,
As only babies can,
And says he'll be his mamma's beau
When he's a "gweat, big man!"

To think that I, who've ruled alone
So proudly in the past,
Should be ejected from my throne
By my own son at last!

But when the years of youth have sped,
The bearded man, I trow,
Will quite forget he ever said
He'd be his mamma's beau.

Renouce your treason, little son,
Leave mamma's heart to me;
For there will come another one
To claim your loyalty.

And when that other comes to you,
God grant her love may shine
Through all your life, as fair and true
As mamma's does through mine.

—*Eugene Field.*

A Note of Warning.

"Children are more influenced than we imagine by the invisible effects of ideas. They have eyes like the very spies of nature herself; eyes that penetrate all subterfuge and pretense. It is good to set before them the loftiest ideals in human life; but the best ideal of all has to be portrayed in the realities of home-life. The teaching that goes deepest will be indirect, and the truth will tell deepest in them when it is overheard, when you are not watching and the children are; that is when the lessons of life are learned."

Sad it is to visit a "Gold Cure," or any of these institutions and see there, not what one would expect to see, "the vagabons on the face of the airth," but bright, intelligent, educated men who have lost fame, friends and fortune, taking the remedy that is to help save them from a drunkard's grave; but sadder yet it is to see youths barely out of their teens, whose early life has been made one horrible, loathsome bondage of habit, a habit thought a simple thing by many, that of using the cigarette. A visit to such an institution, where one will see many such youths, will certainly be sufficient to sound a strong note of warning to all parents. Those in charge inform us that these young men commenced smoking cigarettes in their school days; and if careless, indifferent parents could but see the effect it has upon many, some going from cigarettes to opium, they would arouse themselves to make the effort to prevent their boys from becoming like these. Breezes from every direction waft to us a whiff of some reform movement, and while we cannot be expected to catch all, yet we should grasp in a most positive manner, cigarette smoking, which is destroying the nerve, killing the brain and extinguishing the life of our future men.

It behooves parents, with great love and gentle firmness, to guard against those careless practices which soon grow into habit and end in such disaster and ruin. "Oh yes," some will say, "I have just read an article or listened to a lecture on the subject;" but there the matter rests, and the wrongs continue. We want our children to be pure, but we cannot take the time or care to keep them free from influences that we know are dangerous to their mental and moral welfare. No written or spoken words will do our home work for us; neither must we depend upon National organized societies. It would be a grand thing to sweep the evil from the world, but what is needed is more individual work; more to the point is it, to keep our own door yard clean, than to exhaust our energies in trying to reform the world. Improvement among our boys will be slow, unless parents do their work well in their own sphere in life. In the home let us start our reform movement; if we devoted more time, if we were more careful about the training of the children, if we would go in the right path ourselves, we should find not quite so many reforms needed.

Our motto should be "work in the right line close to home;" the home and those that come under its influence makes a wide field in which can be used the best talents of our people. Children will copy what parents do; fathers should think of this when they smoke, drink and use profane language, careless and indifferent to the bad example they set before innocent little ones. Are not fathers who do this traitors to their highest trusts? We must be what we desire our children to become, so that the notes of our daily life will chord harmoniously with our teaching and preaching, floating over the home, and from there over the world, the melody of truth and purity.

MRS. JESSIE WHITSITT.

Whatever perished with my ships,
I only know the best remains;
A song of praise is on my lips
For losses which are now my gains.

—*J. G. Whittier.*

Lieutenant Hobson has shown that he could go into the jaws of death; but, when we remember that for a whole year he endured the horrors of "coventry" rather than fail to do his duty in reporting a serious misdemeanor of some of his student companions, his exploit at Santiago is accounted for. He is made of the stuff of which heroes are made.—*Christian Register.*

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Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post Office.

The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

BOSTON.—Rev. George E. Littlefield has taken up the work which Mr. Savage laid down on his departure from New York, in the Church of the Unity, and judging from some numbers of the weekly bulletin at hand he is taking hold with a wise and vigorous hand, with encouraging prospects. The fourfold purpose which he announces as the justification of the church might well be adopted by every church and may well be considered by every individual as representing the claim of the church upon him. Here it is:

"1. *Worship.*—We believe that a human life is ennobled and exalted by divine communion. A struggling weed may be a plant even though it fails to blossom, and a human soul rise above an animal state even though it does not recognize God in public praise and prayer; but a worshipping soul blossoms into fuller perfection.

2. *Encouragement.*—Human nature is very sensitive to depressing or uplifting influences, just as plant life may be blighted by scorching heat, or invigorated by refreshing showers. Our church exists for "times of refreshing" and cheer.

3. *Truth.*—The human expression of truth is often encumbered with tradition and conventionalism, and vitiated by personal and pecuniary interests. Unity pulpit is not hampered by such impediments, therefore it is open and free to the influx and the sincere expression of truth.

4. *Character.*—Every scheme for human advancement ultimately involves the practice of the Golden Rule. Therefore, the Church of the Unity exists to help form human character, and through the personal character of its adherents, exert a powerful influence for good throughout the community."

Acknowledgement of Receipts for the Fifth Fiscal Year of the Liberal Congress.

Amount previously acknowledged	$413.86
Mrs. M. C. Carswell, Dixon, Wis. (per New Unity)	3.00
Miss Hattie Moon, Omaha, Neb.	5.00
Beth-Emeth Congregation (Dr. M. Schlesinger) Albany, N. Y.	10.00
H. F. Bond, Lynnfield Center, Mass.	1.00
Universalist Society, Cedar Rapids, Ia.	10.00
	$442.86

The Liberal Congress of Religion.

THE FIFTH ANNUAL MEETING.

Omaha, October 18-23, 1898.

Outline Program.

(Subject to slight modification.)

EVENING SESSIONS.

Tuesday, Oct. 18. 8 p. m. OPENING SESSION.
Addresses of Welcome by ——
Response by the President, Rev. H. W. Thomas, Chicago.
Opening Sermon by Dr. E. G. Hirsch, Chicago.

Wednesday, Oct. 19, 8 p. m. SOCIOLOGICAL EVENING.
Rev. R. A. White, Chicago, presiding.
The Social Conscience, by Prof. C. Hanford Henderson of the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Christ and the Labor Problem, by Rev. Frank Crane, Chicago.
What the Employer Might Do to Settle the Labor Problem, by Prof. N. P. Gilman of the Meadville Theological School, Meadville, Pa.

Thursday, Oct. 20, 8 p. m. THE PROBLEM OF INTERNATIONALISM.
Lest We Forget, by David Starr Jordan, President of the Leland Stanford University.
The Growth of International Sentiment, by Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis.

Friday, Oct. 21, 8 p. m. MISSIONARY.
The Greater America and Her Mission in Asia, by Dr. John Henry Barrows, Chicago.
America's Mission at Home, by Rev. Marion D. Shutter, Minneapolis.

Saturday, Oct 22, 8 p. m.
Social Reunion and Reception, in charge of the Local Committee.

FORENOON SESSIONS.

Meetings begin at 9:30 A. M.

Wednesday.
Welcome of Delegates and Response by the same.
The Problems of the Congress, by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Chicago.
The Value and Feasibility of State Organization, by Rev. J. H. Palmer, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

During the forenoon sessions of Thursday, Friday and Saturday the following papers will be read and discussed:

The Part Faith Plays in Science and Religion, by Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse, N. Y.; The Problem of Authority in Religion, by Rev. John Faville, Appleton, Wis.; The New Testament Virtue of Prudence, by Rev. H. H. Peabody, Rome, N. Y.; The Evolution of Conscience in the Nineteenth Century, by E. P. Powell, Clinton, N. Y.; Our Great Theological and Social Problem, by Rev. J. W. Frizzell, Eau Claire, Wis.; The Coming Man: Will He Worship, by Rev. Mrs. S. L. Crum, Webster City, Ia.; The Brotherhood and its Work, by Rev. Leighton Williams, New York city, Corresponding Secretary of the "Brotherhood of the Kingdom;" A Year After the Nashville Congress, by Rev. Isidore Lewinthal, Nashville, Tenn.; The Education of the Colored Race, by Prof. W. H. Council of the Normal School of Huntsville, Ala.

Among others whom it is hoped will be present to give papers and take part in the discussions are Doctor Paul Carus, Editor of the *Open Court*, Rev. Joseph Stolz, Chicago, Doctor Lewis G. Janes, Cambridge, Mass.

AFTERNOONS.

The afternoons will be left open for committee meetings, social intercourse and the studying of the Exposition.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 23.

Preaching by the visiting ministers in as many of the churches of the city of Omaha and adjoining towns as can be arranged for in the forenoon. Mass-meetings afternoon and evening under the direction of the Local Committee.

The Headquarters of the Congress will be at the Dellone House, corner Fourteenth Street and Capital Avenue. Special rates for Congress guests. Rooms, European plan, one dollar per day; room and board, two dollars per day. Exclusive use of parlor for Congress headquarters. Applications for rooms should be made through the Chairman of the Local Committee, Thomas Kilpatrick, No. 1505 Douglass Street, Omaha, or the General Secretary to whom apply for further particulars, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, No. 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

FREEPORT, ILL.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones preached the first sermon after vacation before the People's Society at this place last Sunday night. Arrangements will be made for evening services conducted chiefly by the settled clergy of Chicago until further permanent arrangements can be made. A large audience was out and there was ample evidence of loyalty on the part of the faithful members of this society.

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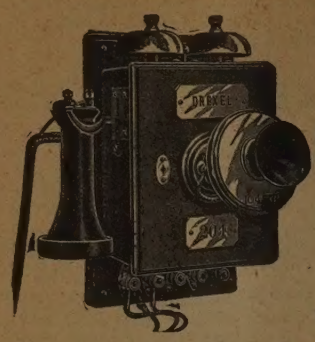

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The Two Paths.

"The Two Paths," by Marie A. Watson, just issued, has been pronounced by an able critic as an exceedingly interesting story, aside from its metaphysical aspect. The plot is strong and in many respects unique. The power of thought, especially the image-making faculty, and the ability to project this image is shown to be a two-edged sword. A student of occultism uses this power for a selfish end, and comes to grief at the hands of his would-be victim, who sees him in a dream, and believes that his astral form is the man in his physical body. The occultist is later found dead in his own apartment, while the young woman declares that she killed him in self-defense at her bedside. The heroine falls into a trance. Her soul loosened from the body has strange experiences in other realms. These she relates, upon returning to consciousness, to her friends. There are plenty of other incidents in the story, and a chapter on "The Ideal Marriage" is strikingly original, if nothing else. The book serves a useful purpose in illustrating the power of thought when exercised by one individual upon another, and also defines the use and abuse of such phenomena. Sent post-paid on receipt of price, 50 cts. Bound in cloth.

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